

Biography vol 10.

Biographical Sketches

OF

HENRIETTA DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

AND

LOUIS OF BOURBON

PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

BOSSUET'S ORATIONS,

PRONOUNCED AT THEIR INTERMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH SELECT EXTRACTS FROM OTHER ORATIONS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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Duchess of Orleans n. 1644 ob. 1670
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Biographical Sketches

HERBERT A. LATHROP OF OREGON

AND

LOUIS OF BURBON

THEIR LIFE OF CONFLICT

BY THE AUTHOR

POSTSCRIPT ON A. LATHROP

PROLOGUE TO THE HISTORY



THE LATHROP IN THE PAST

WITH THE LATHROP FROM THE PAST

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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1890

TO THE
EARL OF CARLISLE,
AS
A HOMAGE TO LITERARY MERIT,
AND AS A
TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHEST PERSONAL REGARD,
THE FOLLOWING VERSION
OF THE
FUNERAL ORATIONS FROM THE BISHOP OF
MEAUX,
IS INSCRIBED
BY
THE TRANSLATOR.

OF THE
EARL OF CARLISLE

A HOUSE TO HIS OWNERS

AND AS A

TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHEST PERSONAL REGARD

TO THE LORD OF THE MANOR

OF THE

TUNBRIDGE COASTS FROM THE BISHOP OF

WINDSOR



THE TRANSLATOR

(2)

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
HENRIETTA DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

THE Princess Henrietta, the youngest child of the unfortunate Charles, was born at Exeter, the 16th of June 1644. The Queen being obliged to take refuge in France, consigned her daughter to the care of the Countess of Morton, who at length found the means of eluding the vigilance of the Earl of Essex, and of escaping with the royal infant. To facilitate the premeditated escape, the child was dressed in a coarse grey frock. The consciousness of distinction and pre-eminence, which the female mind so early imbibes, and which Shakespeare so happily delineates in the character of Miranda, was strongly displayed by the Princess during her flight. Miranda

was not full three years old, when her father fled with her from Milan, which was the age of the Princess when the Countess of Morton escaped with her from Exeter. Miranda says, "Had I not four or five women once that tended me?" Henrietta, impressed with the same idea, was offended at the homely gown she wore, and assured every person she spoke to that she was accustomed to a much finer apparel, and that her present dress did not belong to her.

The Queen, with the expressions of the most grateful joy, received from the hands of Lady Morton her little daughter, whom she had been obliged to leave at Exeter when her child was ten days old. The Queen's residence was at a nunnery in the neighbourhood of Paris. In this retreat the little royal fugitive was educated; and here her mind, like an opening flower, gradually expanded, till she at length displayed those attainments for which she afterwards became so eminent. On the 31st of March 1661, Henrietta was married to Philip Duke of Orleans, the only brother of Louis the Fourteenth. This union did not contribute to the happiness of the Princess. The

Duke of Orleans was handsome, and remarkable for the elegance of his person ; at the same time his self-complacency was disgusting, and transcended the bounds of female vanity. A man thus occupied with his own personal attractions could be nothing but a trifler, and consequently the Duke de St. Simon says, "*qu'il se noyoit dans la bagatelle.*"

The sudden transition from the gloom of a monastery to the splendour of a court, opened to the young Princess a new scene, which demanded her whole attention. The monotonous distribution of the hours, and the restraints to which she was subjected in the convent, heightened her relish for the new world which now presented itself to her applause, as the elastic spring rises from repression with a greater energy. Admitted to the temple of Pleasure, she soon perceived that she was the deity of it. Among the women there was not one to be found, who could contend with her either for the prize of beauty, or for the lustre of mental accomplishments. The King became one of her most distinguished admirers. But the Count de Guiche appears, by the memoirs of the time, to have conceived a more ardent and

lasting attachment, to which the Duchess of Orleans is represented as not to have been insensible: Madame La Fayette maintains, that this mutual preference was never indulged to a criminal extent; she calls, however, their attachment a *confidence libertine*, to which expression it is not easy to annex a perfect idea of innocence. But many circumstances relative to her situation invoke indulgence. In the season of youth and inexperience, she entered on a stage where (attracting and attracted) she found herself encompassed by the most artful and captivating seducers, and the most dazzling allurements.

In the year 1670, the Duchess of Orleans went to England, under the pretext of making a visit to her brother, but this pretext was to cover a secret commission of a political nature, of which she acquitted herself to the satisfaction of both parties. A few days after her return to France, she was taken ill at St. Cloud: she complained of a pain in her side, which augmented after she had drank a glass of endive-water. She was frequently heard to say she was poisoned. Mr. Montagu, the English ambassador, who was present, says, in

his letter to Lord Arlington, that he entreated her in the most solemn manner to declare, whether or no she apprehended that she was designedly poisoned; but she persisted in returning no answer, and a few hours after she died in the most excruciating torture. No legal investigation was instituted to establish or overthrow the prevailing opinion of poison being administered to her. Although evidence does not ascertain the fact, yet on the nature of the disease, and on the cause of her death, a dark suspicion immovably rests.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE translation of the following Discourse, now presented to the Public, is rather a strong resemblance, than an elaborately finished copy: this, however, must be understood only where superior motives sanction the liberty that has been taken. The amusement of the English reader being the object proposed in this attempt, the Translator thought he should better accomplish his purpose in suppressing passages where local and minute details could excite no interest, where religious intolerance would offend, redundancy fatigue, and adulation disgust. As, however, the objectionable passages are accessory rather than essential, and are embossed on the composition rather than interwoven with it, the progress of the Discourse is no where interrupted, and the chain of communication no where broken. This funeral oration was delivered on the 21st of August 1670, in the church of Saint Denis, where the royal family are interred.

THE FUNERAL ORATION
ON
HENRIETTA DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity.

AM I then called upon once more to pay the last honours to the dead? is she whom (a few months past) I beheld so attentive while I was discharging this mournful duty to the Queen her mother, is she become the melancholy theme of this day's solemnity? Oh, vanity! oh, airy nothing! Little did she imagine, while the filial tear was stealing down her cheek, that in so short a space of time the same company should be assembled, to perform the same mournful honours to her own memory. Lamented princess! must England not only deplore thy absence, but also lament thy death? And has France no other pomp, no other triumph, no other trophies than these to celebrate thy return?—Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity! These are the only thoughts that occur, this the only reflection that clings to my soul in the present unforeseen and sudden

calamity. This text, which comes home to every bosom, which regards every state, and accompanies all the events and vicissitudes of life, acquires a particular illustration from the object of our present concern. For never were the vanities of this world so strongly displayed, and so conspicuously degraded. The scene that now arrests and terrifies our attention, urges me to declare, that health is but an empty name, life a troubled dream, and celebrity a fugitive meteor. Is then man (made after God's own image) a despicable being? is man, whom the Saviour of the world, without debasement, redeemed with his precious blood; is man, thus honoured, a mere shadow? This mournful exhibition of human vanity, this untimely death, which chills the public hope, misled my judgment. Man must not be allowed to entertain an unqualified idea of self-degradation. Solomon, who begins his divine work with the words of my text, concludes with revealing to man his dignity: "*Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man: for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil!*" So every thing is

vain and unimportant that relates to man, when we advert to the transitory course of his mortality : every thing becomes dignified when we look to the goal to which he is hastening. Let us then, in the presence of that altar and of that tomb, meditate upon that passage of Ecclesiastes, where the first part discovers the nothingness of man, and the second establishes his greatness. Let yonder tomb convince us of our wretchedness, while yon altar (from whence our prayers ascend) informs us of our dignity. You are now apprized of the truths which I wish this day to inculcate, which are not unworthy of the notice of the great personage, and of the illustrious assembly, before whom I am now speaking.

As a stream glides rapidly along, thus flows the course of our existence, which, after having traversed, with more or less noise, a greater or less extent of country, disembogues at length into a dark gulf ! where honours, distinctions, and worldly prerogatives are unacknowledged and unknown ; like rivers which lose their name and their celebrity when they mingle with the ocean.

If human nature could receive any partial exaltation, if a small portion of the dust of which we are all formed, could admit of any solid and durable distinction, who had a greater title to such pre-eminence? Does not the person who now awfully enforces the vanity of human greatness, does not she trace her origin to the remotest antiquity? Wherever I cast my view I am surrounded and dazzled with the splendour which streams from the crowns of England and of Scotland.

The Princess Henrietta, born, as it were, on a throne, possessed a mind superior to her illustrious birth, a mind which the misfortunes of her family could not subdue. How frequently have we said that Providence had snatched her from the enemies of her august father to make a present of her to France? Precious and inestimable gift! if enduring possession had accompanied a present of such value. This melancholy recollection intrudes itself every where. No sooner do we cast our eyes on this illustrious personage, than the spectre Death rushes on our thoughts. Let me, however, recall to your mind, how she grew up amidst the wishes, the applause, and affection of a

whole kingdom : every year added to her personal attractions, and brought with it an accession of mental accomplishments. Her judgment in works of literature was clear and unerring ; authors, when they met with her approbation, felicitated themselves on having attained that point of perfection to which they aspired. History, to which her attention was particularly directed, she used to call the counsellor of kings. In the historic page the greatest monarchs assume no other rank than what they are entitled to by their virtues : degraded by the hand of Death, they enter, unattended by flatterers, this severe court of justice, to receive the awful judgment of posterity. Here the gawdy colouring, which the harlot pencil of sycophancy had applied, languishes and fades away. In this school our young disciple studied the duties of those persons whose life forms the ground-work of history. This knowledge matured her youthful mind, and fenced it with a circumspective prudence. “ He that has no rule over his own spirit,” says the Wise Man, “ is like a city that is broken down and without walls.” The object of our present admiration was exalted above this

weakness; nor interest, nor vanity, nor the enchantment of flattery, nor the persuasive voice of friendship, could allure the confided secret from her bosom. This characteristic feature entitled her to a confidence of the highest nature. Without presuming to enter upon a subject which does not belong to this place, I may be allowed to say, that by the mediation of the sister, some controverted points which lately existed between two great monarchs, were happily adjusted. No sooner had she erected this monument to her fame, than she was swept to the grave. Have I ventured amidst this triumph of death to pronounce again the word fame? Let me hence forbear all pomp and splendour of expression with which human arrogance dazzles and blinds herself for the purpose of not beholding her own nothingness! Let me rather entreat you to attend to the reflection of a profound reasoner, not to the words of a philosopher in the porch, or a monk in his cloister. I wish to humble the great by one whom the great revere; by one who was well acquainted with the vanity of greatness, and who uttered his observations from a throne. "Oh God," says the Psalmist, "thou

hast numbered my days!" Now whatever is numbered is finite, and whatever is born to end cannot be said to be emancipated from that nothing to which it is destined so soon to return. While the hand of nature chains us to the ground, how can we hope to be exalted? Survey the various distinctions that elevate man, you will discover none so conspicuous, so effective, so glittering, as the glory which encircles the laurels of a conqueror; and yet this conqueror must, in his turn, fall beneath the stroke of Death. Then will the conquered invite the triumphant hero to their society: then from the tomb a voice will come to blast all human grandeur: "*Art thou become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?*"

Perhaps, as a supplement to the deficiency of power and fortune, the mental accomplishments, expansive thought, invention pregnant with great designs, may suffice to raise the possessor to eminence. Ah, trust not to this flattering suggestion: the thoughts which have not God for their object belong to the domain of Death. Solomon comprises amidst the illusions by which the human race are misled, even

wisdom! because, enclosed within the pale of human wishes, she buries herself in the dust along with those perishable objects.

Have we not seen the great and exalted of this world fall frequent sacrifices at the altar of God's vengeance for our instruction? And surely, if we stand in need of the impressions of surprise and terror to disenchant us from our attachment to the world, the calamity with which we are now subdued, is sufficiently awful! Oh ever memorable! oh disastrous, oh terrific night! when consternation reigned throughout the palace! when, like a burst of thunder, a desolating voice cried out, Henrietta is expiring, Henrietta is no more!—The usual march of Death is by perceptible, but slow advances; in the present instance it was rapid as it was alarming. Did we not behold her in the morning attired with every grace, embellished with every attraction, and in the evening did we not behold her as a faded flower! Let us then survey her as Death presents her to our view: yet even these mournful honours, with which she is now encircled, will soon disappear, she will be despoiled of this melancholy decoration, and be conveyed into

the dread receptacle, the last sombrous habitation, to sleep in the dust with annihilated kings; among whom it will be difficult to place her, so closely do the ranks press upon each other! so prompt, so indefatigable is Death in crowding this dreary vault with departed greatness. Yet even here our imagination deludes us; for this form, destitute of life, which still retains the human resemblance! the faint similitude which still lingers on the countenance, must undergo a change, and be turned into a terrific something, for which no language has a name; so true it is, that every thing dies belonging to man; even (as Tertulian observes) those funereal expressions which designate his remains. On a life which inevitably ends in such a catastrophe, what splendid project can the fondest hope erect? Is then despair the lot of man? Amidst this universal wreck is there no plank to lay hold of?—Here I behold another order of things arise; the cloud breaks, the gloom of death disappears, a new scene bursts upon me, to which I beg leave to direct your attention.

PART THE SECOND.

LET us gratefully remember that God infuses into our perishable frame a spiritual power, which can acknowledge the truth of his existence, adore the redundant plenitude of his perfections, rely on his goodness, fear his justice, and aspire to his immortality. By the principle of analogy, as our material form shall return to its mother earth, so our spiritual part shall return unto its Creator. This, indeed, is a proud distinction which brings into contact and alliance the spiritual part of man, with the supreme and primitive greatness, God! Let then the wise man speak with derision of every state and condition of life, since, wherever we cast our view, we behold the funereal gloom of death hovering over our brightest hours. Let the wise man equalize the fool and the sage; let him even confound the lord of the earth with the beast of the field: for if we look at man, but through the medium of a coarse corporeal eye, what do we behold in his fugitive existence, but folly, solicitude, and disappointment? and what do we behold in his death, but an expiring vapour,

or a machine whose springs are deranged, and which lose the power of action? Do ye wish to save any thing from this total ruin? cast your affection as an anchor on God! This our Christian heroine eminently manifested during the period that immediately preceded her dissolution. She beheld the approaches of Death with an undaunted eye. He came to demand of her youth, the residue of its years! of her beauty, the resignation of its charms! of her high rank, the dispossession of its advantages! of her richly-cultivated mind, the spoliation of its acquirements! to all which she meekly submitted without a murmur. Far other reflections now possess her soul. She calls for the same crucifix, which the Queen, her mother, in her last moments bathed with her tears. She calls for the same crucifix, as if she fondly hoped still to find upon it the effusion of her mother's piety: she applied this signal of our salvation to her expiring lips: then did I hear her utter these affecting words, "Oh my God, why did I not always place my confidence in thee?" Ah! let the proud conqueror no longer engross our admiration; our heroine illustrates the truth of these words, "*He that ruleth his spirit is better*

than he that taketh a city." With a tranquillity almost amounting to satisfaction, she resigned herself to an unforeseen and untimely death. What an attention did she pay to the prayers that are offered up for the dying! which frequently (by some spiritual magic) suspend the agonizing pains, and, what I have been often a witness to, charm away the terrors of death.

Have we not lamented that the opening flower was suddenly blasted? that the picture, whose first warm touches excited such expectation, was suddenly effaced? But I will no longer speak this language; I will rather say that Death has put an end to those perils, to which she was in this life eminently exposed. What dazzling attractions, what seductive flattery, would have assailed so elevated a situation? Would not success have pampered her expectations; and adulation outran her desire? And, to use the forcible expression of an ancient historian, "she would have been precipitated into the gulf of human grandeur.—*In ipsam gloriam præceps agebatur.*" TACITUS, *Vita Agric.*

Let us draw some salutary reflection from the scene that is now before us. Shall we wait till the dead arise, before we open our bosom to one serious thought? What this day

descends into the grave should be sufficient to awaken and alarm our lethargy. Could the Divine Providence bring nearer to our view, or more forcibly display the vanity and emptiness of human greatness? How incurable must be our blindness, if, as every day we approach nearer and nearer to the grave (and rather dying than living), we wait till the last moment before we admit that serious and important reflection which ought to have accompanied us through the whole course of our lives! If persuasion hung upon my lips, how earnestly would I entreat you to begin from this hour to despise the smiles of fortune, and the favours of this transitory world! And whenever you shall enter those august habitations, those sumptuous palaces which received an additional lustre from the personage we now lament; when you shall cast your eyes around those splendid apartments, and find their better ornament wanting! then remember that the exalted station she held, that the accomplishments and attractions she was known to possess, augmented the dangers to which she was exposed in this world, and now form the subject of a rigorous investigation in the other.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

LOUIS OF BOURBON, PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

LOUIS BOURBON, Prince of Condé, was born on the 8th of September 1621. His studies were directed by the Jesuits. His military ardour broke forth early in life, and superseded every other object. At the age of eighteen he served as a volunteer at the celebrated siege of Arras, where he gave the first signal proofs of that courage for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished. In 1640 he married the niece of the Cardinal Richelieu. This marriage, which administered to the ambition of the aspiring prelate, did not contribute to the happiness of the young devoted bridegroom.

Being in 1643 appointed commander in chief, he ascended with gigantic steps (through a succession of victories) the summit of re-

noun. His great merit, however, did not shield him from the suspicious nature of Mazarin; for soon after he had subdued the Parisian insurgents, his own destruction was the object of the subtle Italian, who procured an order (under various pretences) for the imprisonment of the Prince of Condé, of his brother the Prince of Conti, and of his brother-in-law the Duke of Longueville.

The Prince of Condé endured this indignity with that calm fortitude which he so eminently possessed upon every trial. His brother, unequal to this sudden reverse of fortune, sunk under it; and having desired to be provided with a religious book, entitled, *The Imitation of Christ*, the Prince is reported to have archly said, "I beg I may be provided with the *Imitation of Beaufort*, that I may learn the manner of his escaping from his confinement two years ago." The illustrious prisoner frequently amused himself with working in the garden of the castle; a circumstance which called from the pen of *Memoiselle de Scudery* these lines, the best perhaps she ever wrote:

En voyant ces œillets qu'un illustre guerrier
 Arrofa d'une main qui gagna les batailles,
 Souviens-toi qu' Apollon batiffoit des murailles
 Et ne t'etonne pas que Mars soit jardinier.

At the expiration of thirteen months he was set at liberty, in consequence of the repeated and pressing solicitations of the Parliament. It was during this confinement that, taking counsel from revenge, he formed those resolutions, and meditated upon that scheme, which proved so fatal to his country. It is to be presumed that such were the workings of his mind (at that time), from what he was often heard to say, "*that he went into prison the most innocent of men, and came out the most guilty.*" The first indication he discovered of his adverse intention towards the government was when he assisted at the meeting of the Parliament, where Brouffel, a turbulent man, proposed several things that had a tendency to faction: at the conclusion of Brouffel's speech, a confused murmur of approbation was heard, upon which the Prince of Condé exclaimed, *Voila un bel echo!* Not long after he threw off the mask, and we find him in Guienne at the head of the insurgents, where not meeting with

that success his ardent presumption had led him to expect, he entered the Spanish service, and at length terminated his rebellious career (as the Cardinal of Retz observes) at the goal of loyalty. Having obtained his pardon, he ever after manifested a warm and active attachment to his sovereign and his country. He died at Fontainbleau, in his sixty-fifth year, on the 11th of December 1686.

The following discourse was delivered on the 10th of March 1687, in the cathedral at Paris.

The splendid cenotaph erected on the occasion, displayed at once the magnificence of art, and the sumptuous invention of Perrault, and has been ever since the model for funereal decoration. It was supposed to have cost a hundred thousand livres.

Bourdaloue also pronounced the panegyric of the great Condé: but the unimpassioned didactic style of the celebrated Jesuit was ill adapted to encomiastic composition. The close, however, of his discourse is warm and animated. The incident of the Prince's having requested, in his last moments, that his heart should be deposited in the church belonging to

the Jesuits, calls from the orator this fervid effusion of gratitude :

“ Yes ! we will be the faithful guardians of this sacred depofite : your request, O Prince, we will respectfully and affectionately perform. The heart of each individual of our order will be a living maufoleum, in which yours fhall be inurned ! The folemn engagement we now contract, will be held in veneration from one extremity of the earth to the other : in the old and in the new world will be found hearts glowing with gratitude for the obligations conferred upon our fociety by the illuftrious Prince of Condé !”



* * * The fame free manner of translating is obferved in the following, as well as in the preceding difcourfe, wherever the fame motives occur.

THE
FUNERAL ORATION

ON

LOUIS OF BOURBON, PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

WHEN I consider that the discourse I am entering upon is to celebrate that ever dear and resplendent name, *Louis of Bourbon, Prince of Condé*, I am at once overpowered by the magnificence of the subject and its inutility: for where is that distant and obscure corner of the earth to which his renown is not become familiar? What I shall offer this day to your attention, I am conscious will not rise to the demands of your gratitude, nor fill the grasp of your expectation. Feeble orators as we are, we cannot diffuse any additional lustre over those rare and distinguished personages, whom nature hath selected and highly privileged. The Wise Man, therefore, says with his accustomed sagacity, “*Let their own works praise them.*” The panegyrist, like a timid

“inexperienced statuary, recoils from the laborious task of fashioning a colossal figure.” A faithful unadorned narrative would best display the features of our hero’s mind : history must perform that task, and move the admiration of posterity by a simple recital of his actions. We will in the mean time endeavour to comply with the request of a grateful public, and with the orders of an illustrious monarch. What a deep sense of obligation should we not entertain for a Prince, who has not only flung a new splendour round the throne and exalted the French name, but who does honour to the present age, and who ennobles even human nature !

The illustrious monarch to whom I lately alluded, hath summoned to this venerable temple the most distinguished and august personages of the kingdom, to pay their united homage to the memory of our departed hero : he hath also ordained that I should lend my feeble voice to this funereal exhibition, to these rites of sorrow. A reflection (more worthy of this hallowed place) now occupies my mind, which is, that God alone forms the soul of the conqueror. The Psalmist says, “*Blessed is the*

Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war." If valour is breathed into him by the Almighty Power, his other attributes are no less derived from the same inexhaustible source. We should learn to discriminate those gifts which the Omnipotent Hand disperses among the wicked, and those which are imparted to the virtuous. The great distinguished gift of God is a sense of religion: without this inestimable gift, what would have availed to the eminent personage whose loss we now deplore, all the amiable attributes of his heart, or all the sublime energies of his mind? Had not religion consecrated the rare qualities which adorned his character, the august personages now present would not have found amidst their sorrow any consoling reflection: the venerable prelate would perform, devoid of hope, his awful ministry, and I should look in vain for any basis on which I might erect the structure of his fame. Let then human glory vanish as a transient meteor! and let me at this altar boldly sacrifice the idol of ambition! I should wish to bring together in one collected view his superior qualities, his valour, his magnanimity, his amiableness, with all the requi-

sites peculiar to genius, eagle-eyed sagacity, invention, sublimity. This assemblage, this constellation of excellencies, would be nothing more than a bright phantom, were not those excellencies consecrated by religion.

God hath revealed to us, that he appoints the conquerors who are to subdue the world, and makes their conquests subservient to his designs. Was not the splendid designation of Cyrus made known two hundred years before his birth? Was not Alexander predicted in the most figurative manner, as coming from the West, "on the face of the whole earth, and not touching the ground;" like an Alpine deer, whose every movement is a bound; and whose rapid progress is not delayed by rugged acclivities, by rolling torrents, by gaping chasms, or by precipitous descents. The Persian monarch is already subdued. He ran unto him, says the prophet, *in the fury of his power. He cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him.* Do we not behold in this metaphoric representation the semblance of our hero, blended with that of Alexander? Heaven, no doubt, sent him forth endowed with every martial accomplishment, to save his country. It

was at the age of twenty-two that the comprehensive mind of our warrior conceived a design of such a magnitude, that the most experienced commanders recoiled at the proposal, but which victory sanctioned, before the walls of Rocroy ! The enemy brought into the field the hardy veteran bands of Walloons, Spaniards, and Italians, who till that hour were unacquainted with defeat, and whom renown had proclaimed invincible. Among our troops an uncommon intrepidity diffused itself, kindled as it were at the sight of our heroic youth, on whose eloquent and presageful eye victory sat enthroned ! The renowned Don Francisco de Mellos waited with undaunted brow for the approach of our army. Our heroic youth, inflamed with so vast an object, and impatient of celebrity, revealed at once the whole splendid energy of his mind. Yet then tranquillity, that faithful attendant on true greatness, possessed his soul : on the night preceding the important day, he is known to have resigned himself to rest with all the unruffled calmness of a sleeping infant. But now the eventful hour is come. Behold him hastening from rank to rank, diffusing his own ardour where-

ever he flies. Such was his activity, as if several Condés were in the field ! Here was he seen forcing the right wing of the enemy, there supporting and encouraging our right that had given way : in one place spreading terror, in another reanimating defeat. The formidable Spanish infantry remained still unsubdued, which separating into several close-compacted battalions, stood like towers amidst the general ruin. Three times did our heroic youth, collecting his full force, rush on these intrepid combatants, and every time met with a repulse. The valiant Spaniard, the Count de Fuentes, displayed under the pressure of illness the most unconquerable mind : conveyed in a litter from danger to danger, he breathed defiance : but the efforts of this superior energy were doomed to prove ineffectual. In vain did the celebrated Bek, bursting from a wood, attempt, with his daring cavalry, to surprise our exhausted troops : our young commander, with a preventive wisdom, a prophetic caution, placed a select body of his men in a position ready to resist this onset. The foremost ranks of the enemy, finding themselves enveloped, threw down their arms and implored our mercy :

while our Prince was hastening to receive their submission, the other part of the hostile army, not adverting to the surrender of the advanced battalions (or instigated by whatever motive), discharged on our men the whole thunder of their artillery, which so incensed, so infuriated our troops, that an unutterable carnage ensued, till our hero, exerting every effort to calm the maddening rage of his soldiers, added to the pride of conquest the more soothing satisfaction of forgiveness.

The valiant Count de Fuentes now became the object of his humane anxiety, but he was found expiring amidst the thousands who were dying and bleeding round him !

On this tremendous field our virtuous youth with bended knee dedicated to the great Disposer of events the glory of the day. The security of Rocroy, the degraded menaces of a formidable enemy, the regency now standing on an immovable basis, were the topics of this exulting day, to which was added the presentiment of the lustre that was to accompany a future reign, which presentiment was sanctioned as it were under the auspices of so glorious a commencement. Universal fame

pronounced with admiration the name of our heroic youth ! This military essay (as it might be denominated), which would have thrown an ample lustre round any other person, was to him only the preluding dawn of that meridian splendour which afterwards illumed the horizon ! After this great achievement, when he returned to his court, such was the delicacy, or rather the greatness of his mind, that, indocil to the voice of flattery, he received the applauses to which he was so entitled with a reluctant ear. Germany now demands his presence, to which place you must direct your attention ; where you will behold the most formidable preparations ; where the science of war (by multiplying her inventions, and by exerting her utmost efforts) is going to summon the abilities of our hero to the severest trial. The local scenery is present to my view ! In the fore-ground rises a tremendous mountain ; on one side of which are seen hideous chasms, and precipitous descents ! on the other an impenetrable forest standing on a marshy ground. To impede the march of our army, several forts are erected, and bodies of trees of immense form are thrown across the roads, aug-

menting at once the difficulty of progress, and terror of situation. Behind the forest the intrepid Merci stands entrenched with his Bavarian troops—Merci, who never was known to make a retrogressive motion: whom the circumspective Turenne never detected in an irregular movement; in whose commendation Condé united with Turenne, and who frequently was heard to say that Merci never lost the fleeting occasion of a favourable moment, and that he entered into their plans with such a pervading wisdom, as would almost lead them to think he had assisted at their councils. In the space of eight days four obstinate actions took place, in which were at once displayed the most impetuous attack, and the most determined resistance. Our troops had to struggle with the difficulties and perils attending their position, as well as with the valour of the enemy. Condé was for some time under the apprehension of being deserted: but, like another Maccabæus, his own arm did not desert him, and his adventurous spirit, irritated by so many obstacles, surmounted them all. He led the way on foot up the severe ascent, and having, with a persevering

fortitude, laboured to the summit of the mountain, his own ardour accomplished the rest. Merci foresaw his own defeat; the advanced part of his army is suddenly vanquished, and the veil of night secures the remainder. I must not omit to say, that a heavy incessant rain fell during this memorable action, so that our hero had not only to climb a steep and rugged mountain, not only to combat a most formidable enemy, but even to contend with the warring elements!

This victory lengthened out its effects to distant places: behold! Wormes, Spire, Mayence, Landau, throw open their gates. Astonished Europe saw our warrior at the early age of twenty-six obtain this immortal victory! The speed of execution allowed not sufficient time to the enemy to traverse his plans: this is the characteristic feature of a great commander. Swifter than eagles, bolder than lions, are the comprehensive allusions of David to the two celebrated warriors whose death he so forcibly laments: out of this compound imagery equally rises the characteristic form of our illustrious countryman. He was present at every scene, foremost in every peril, and as he

flew from place to place it seemed as if he multiplied himself, such was his velocity! the more rapidly he plunged into the scene of action, the more he seemed protected by the shield of Heaven.

It is now with extreme reluctance that I advert to that unfortunate period of his life when he was a state prisoner. I will venture to repeat, even before that sacred altar, the words which I once heard him pronounce, which indicate the workings of a loyal heart. He observed to me, that he was perfectly innocent on the day he entered his prison, and exceedingly criminal on the day he was set at liberty. In the small compass of these few expressive words, are contained his self-reproaches, and the cause and the extent of his error. But I will throw a veil over the exceptionable part of his conduct, and will only observe that where a crime in subsequent signal services is so illustriously lost, nothing should be recalled but the generous acknowledgment of the offender, and the clemency of the offended.

In his first campaigns he had but one life to offer to his sovereign and his state; now he leads his son into the field, and there illuf-

trates by the energy of example, the precepts he had inculcated in the cabinet. I omit dwelling on the passage of the Rhine, that miracle of our Sovereign, and the stupendous transaction of the age! in order to carry your attention to the young warrior in the battle of Senef, in which he saw his father fall, and beheld him struggling under his wounded horse, and covered with blood: he wades through every danger to his assistance; and, while he is raising him from the ground, receives a wound! happy to have served at the same moment the cause of glory, and of filial piety! The Prince of Condé, from that hour, entertained for his son an increased affection. But his affection was not confined within the pale of his family and relatives. It reached the circle of his friends, it reached the misfortunes of his distant acquaintance, it reached the whole human race. Far from my lips be the elogium of a conqueror devoid of humanity! When God first formed the heart of man, he placed benevolence there as the characteristic of the Divine nature. Benevolence then ought to be the most active principle of our heart; the charm of the most powerful attraction towards our neighbour. The splendour of birth, the acces-

sion of riches, far from depressing this active principle, will enable it the better to communicate itself; as a public fountain which the more it is elevated, the more easily can the stream be diffused. They to whose bosom benevolent communication is a stranger, are punished for their disdainful insensibility, being deprived of the gratification arising from mutual intercourse. Never was there a man whose compliant elegance of manners was better adapted to general society. Is this the conqueror who laid towns in ashes, and whose approach was announced by terror? Behold him mild, beneficent, cheerful, complacent, and yielding to every person: so the same river, which, rolling down some eminence, swells and enrages at every obstacle, approaches the precincts of a town with a calm and equal flow, and then diffusing its course into various channels, communicates health and refreshment to every mansion.

Let us now advert to the genius peculiar to the military department. As the art of war, so fatal to the human race, demands the most comprehensive capacity, let us examine his claims to that superior excellence. We have

already observed that he was renowned for his preventive wisdom; one of his maxims was, that we should fear an enemy at a distance, and rejoice when he approaches: another maxim of his was, that an able general may be defeated; but he should never be taken by surprise. To this principle he perpetually directed his attention. At whatever hour, from whatever quarter the enemy appeared, they found him upon his guard, as if he was expecting them. So an eagle sailing through the air, or stationed on a lofty rock, sends his excursive brilliant eye around, eager to behold and rush upon his prey. Though nature had endowed him with her best gifts, he still supplied and enriched his mind with study and reflection. He investigated Cæsar's military stations with a peculiar attention: I remember how accurately he pointed out to us one day, the spot on which, by the advantage only of situation, Cæsar compelled five Roman legions, commanded by two experienced generals, to lay down their arms, without striking a blow. He had formerly examined every river and mountain which had co-operated to the completion of so great a plan. Never did

a professor read so learned a lecture on the *Commentaries*. The leaders of armies yet unborn will pay the same honours to the modern Cæsar. They will wander over with peculiar delight the plains, the eminences, the vallies, the forests, which served, as it were, as so many theatres for the warlike exhibitions of our conqueror. It was observed by those who accompanied him to the wars, and who approached his person in the field, that in the ardour of combat, in the imminent moment to which victory had affixed her only hope, he possessed an uncommon tranquillity. At another time he was docile to suggestion, and submissive to counsel : but now illumination flashing on his mind, unembarrassed by a multiplicity of pressing objects ; he seizes his plan, and enforces it with his own personal intrepidity ! On that day of terror, when at the gates of the town, in view of all its inhabitants, when he was opposed by an expert general at the head of his select troops ; at that hour, when he seemed to be abandoned by capricious fortune, they who were fighting at his side have assured me, that had they any important business to confer with him upon, they would have ap-

pointed for the time of their discussion the moments when he was surrounded by danger and destruction: so calm, so unruffled, was his exalted mind! like a high mountain, whose aspiring summit, piercing the clouds and mid-way-storm, remains invested with a splendid serenity.

It was reserved for these eventful times to bring to our view at the same period Condé and Turenne! now commanding separate divisions, now acting in conjunction. What boldness of execution! what prophetic sagacity! what perils! what resources! Were there ever seen two men of such a corresponding genius, stamped with such a diversity of character? One appeared to act by the slow impulse of profound reflection, the other by the sudden influx of illumination. One no sooner entered the field, than he excited the idea of the highest valour, and awakened expectation; yet leisurely advancing to the object in view, he gradually attained the summit of fame! And on a memorable day, prodigal of safety, and profuse, as it were, of life, we know how illustriously he fell! The other, impelled by an ardent instinctive intelligence, pregnant of in-

spiration, rivalled in the opening of his first campaign the achievements of experienced commanders. One, confiding in the resources of his inventive courage, challenged the most imminent danger, and turned even to his advantage the caprices of fortune. The other, by the prerogative of a sublime mind, and of a certain mysterious, infallible perception (the secret of which was unknown to other men), seemed born to control chance, and, as it were, to subjugate destiny.

Such are the characters which the world sometimes displays, when God (for the purpose of revealing his own power or wisdom) ordains eminent personages to ascend the scene. Say, do his divine attributes appear more illustrious in the wonderful creation of the expanded sky, than in those men on whom he confers such splendid intellectual endowments? What star in the firmament glows with more lustre than Condé among the exalted characters of Europe? It was not, however, to the art of war alone, that he owes his celebrity. His comprehensive mind embraced every other science: with the works of literature, and with the authors, he was equally acquainted: and they ac-

knowledge that they never quitted his society without carrying with them a portion of his communicated wisdom, without being informed by his judicious reflections and pregnant questions, and without being illumined by the coruscations that flashed from his vivid imagination. These intellectual powers, flowing from the fountain of wisdom, demand our esteem. Yet, to humble the pride of man, we see these mental distinctions bestowed by God even on those who were deprived of the knowledge of religion. Need I pronounce the names of Marcus Aurelius? of Scipio? of Cæsar? of Alexander? These illustrious personages were called into existence to illuminate society, as the sun was planted in the firmament to illuminate the world. Who does not admire the meridian glory of that splendid orb? Who is not delighted with the orient colours which adorn his rising, and with the gorgeous clouds and majestic pageantry that dignify his decline? So are renowned personages, those mental luminaries, ordained to shine forth for the purpose of decorating the moral world! Alexander, whose object was celebrity, transcended the boundary of his utmost wishes. A

kind of glorious fatality attended this conqueror. He glides into every panegyric, and no military genius can receive the crown of honour due to his memory without enwreathing it with the name of Alexander. If a remuneration formerly were due to the prowess of the Romans, God rewarded that prowess by giving them the empire of the world, as a present of no value: a present which does not actually reach them, because it is now contracted and shrunk to a renown, which lives on their medals and mutilated statues dug from a pile of ruins! a renown which lives on their monuments mouldering at the touch of time! a renown that is affixed to their idea, to their shadow, to that airy nothing their name! Behold, ye powers of the earth, O kings! O conquerors! the reward that attends the labours of your ambition: grasp to your bosom, if you can, this glorious phantom; she will deceive your expectation, and mock your wishes even in the hour of possession. From the pursuit of this phantom our warlike Prince diverts his course: no longer now the ardent warrior in the noisy chase of ambition, he treads the walk of the obscure virtues, and of the retired graces of

religion. The humble duties of domestic life, the government of your family, the edification given to your servants, acts of justice and indulgence to your dependants, attention, charity, consolation given to the simple inhabitants of the cottages which surround your mansion; these lowly virtues will one day be lifted high, and will at the last day be exalted by the Saviour of the world, in the presence of angels and of his Father.

Without waiting for the approach of illness, or the warning of caducity, Condé now dedicates his hours to religious reflections: an enlightened monk attends him in his recess: with this pious monitor he peruses the sacred page, and drinks at the fountain of true knowledge. Would to God that they who are now listening to this discourse would imitate his example! How improvident to wait till you are languishing on the couch of death! How improvident to delay the duties of religion, till, freezing under the cold touch of dissolution, you scarcely can be reckoned among the living! The mind of our pious hero being strengthened by this preparatory discipline, he was equal to the last conflict. When the fatal

time drew near, and he was informed of the approaching moment, after a short pause, he cried out in the most energetic manner, "*Thy will, O God! be done: O give me grace to die the death of the just.*" From that moment he appeared as in the day of battle, occupied but not ruffled, intent but not alarmed, resolute but calm: and he looked upon death with an equal eye, whether it presented itself in the languid form of disease, or whether it rushed on his view in the midst of combat clothed with terror.

Religion now claims his last thoughts, and takes entire possession of his mind. As the ministers of the altar drew near, he cried out with an impressive voice, "*These are my true physicians.*" While they recited the prayers of the dying, he listened with an awful and submissive expectation. In these pathetic prayers and agonizing exclamations, our holy mother the church seems to suffer the pangs of labour, and endure the painful anxieties of a parent in bringing forth her children to celestial birth. Now calling his confessor, he solemnly attested that he had ever adhered to the belief of the Christian doctrine: he added, that his

belief was now attended with a stronger conviction, and he cried out with a rapturous confidence, "Yes, I shall behold my God face to face." It seemed as if he was suddenly illuminated, as if a celestial ray had in a moment pierced the cloud of ignorance, and (if I may be allowed to say) the awful obscurity that hangs over our faith. At the dawn of such a pure ineffable light, did not the phantoms of this world recede? How dim now appears the splendour of victory! how contemptible the pride of descent! how trifling the majesty of grandeur! how puerile, how infantine the serious toils and pursuits of life! Let me then summon to this mournful solemnity, persons of every rank and profession! Draw near, ye great! ye humble! ye rich! ye poor! and chiefly ye, oh illustrious progeny of the House of Bourbon! draw near, and behold all that remains of a birth so exalted, of a renown so extensive, of a glory so brilliant! See all that sumptuousness can perform to celebrate the hero! Mark the titles, the inscriptions, she has flung around! vain indications of an existence that is not now to be found! Mark those sculptured images, that, sorrowfully bending

round yon monument, appear to weep! mark those aspiring columns which magnificently attest our nothingness! Amidst this waste of decoration, this profusion of honours, nothing is wanting but the person to whom they are dedicated! Let us then lament our frail and fugitive existence, while we perform the rites of a sickly immortality to the memory of our departed hero.—I now address myself particularly to those who are advancing in the same career of military glory. Approach and bewail your great commander. I can almost persuade myself that I hear you say, “Is he then no more our intrepid chief, who through the rugged paths of danger led us often to victory? His name, the only part of him that remains, is all-sufficient to goad us on to future exertions: his departed spirit now whispers to our soul this sacred admonition, that if we hope to obtain at our death the reward of our labours, we must serve our God as well as we serve our earthly sovereign.” Enter then into the service of your God, the great remunerator! who, in the prodigality of his indulgence, will estimate higher one pious sigh, or a drop of water given in his name, than the sovereigns

of the earth will prize the sacrifice of your lives in their service. Will not they also approach this mournful monument, they who were united to him by the sacred bond of friendship? Draw near, ye companions of his social hour; pay homage to the memory of your associate, whose goodness of heart equalled its intrepidity; and let his death be at once the object of your sorrow, of your consolation, and of your example. As for me, if I may be permitted in my turn to deliver the sentiments of my affection, I should say, O thou illustrious theme of my encomium and of my regret! thou shalt ever claim a place in my grateful recollection: the image, however, which is there engraved, is not impressed with that daring eye which foretells victory: for I will behold nothing in you that death effaces: but on this image shall be found the features of immortality. The image presents itself as I beheld you on the hour of dissolution, when the glories of the celestial abode seemed to burst upon you. Yes! at that moment, even on the couch of languor, did I behold you more triumphant than in the plains of Fribourg and Rocroy! So true it is what the

beloved disciple says : “ This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” Enjoy, O Prince ! this victory, and let it be the eternal object of your triumph, which you have obtained through the mediation of a crucified Saviour. Indulge the closing accents of a voice which was not unknown to you. These lips which have pronounced so many funeral discourses shall now be silent. My encomiums on departed greatness shall terminate with you : instead of deploring the death of others, I will labour to make my own resemble yours : and fortunate will it be for me, if, taking warning from these white hairs, I devote myself exclusively to the duties of my episcopal function, and reserve for my flock (whom I ought to feed with the words of life) the glimmering of an ardour that is almost extinguished, and the faint efforts of a voice that is expiring.



And with this victory that
overcame the world, even our flesh. En-
joy, O Prince, this victory, and let it be the
eternal object of your triumph, which you
have obtained through the mediation of a vir-
ginal Saviour. Indulge the adoring souls
of a voice which was not unknown to you.
These lips which have pronounced so many
hallowed names shall now say: "I can
no more be separated from thee, O Prince, than
the soul from the body." I will labour to make my own re-
formation, and I will strive to be for me
in every thing, as I am in thee, O Prince, I de-
vote myself to thee, to the duties of my office,
and to thee, and to thy flock (to whom I
ought to devote the words of life) the glim-
mering of an altar that is almost extinguished,
and the faint lights of a voice that is expiring.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE OTHER FUNERAL ORATIONS OF THE
BISHOP OF MEAUX.

HENRIETTA, the consort of Charles the First, was a subject worthy of the greatest talents, a subject the most dramatic and eventful—a rebellion crowned with victory! a fugitive Queen! a monarch bleeding on the scaffold! Yet the genius of Bossuet, operating upon such magnificent materials, has not erected that structure which the occasion required. He appears to have shrunk with awe from the tremendous scene. He declines drawing from the bosom of the terrific story those descriptions, those warnings, those enforcements which the subject demanded. He seems cautious of displaying to full view a scene to an audience, who were then happily not prepared to receive so awful a lesson. Under this restraint, he digresses into topics not the most interesting. He passes from the

just encomium on the Queen's protection of the persecuted Catholics, to the consideration of heresy, a name industriously given by several Catholic theologians to every departure from the additions imposed upon the Christian doctrine. He ventures to predict the fall of the established religion in England: "*J'ose croire que les jours d'aveuglement sont écoulés.*" "I am confident that the dark day of heresy is expiring." *Heu vaturn ignaræ mentes!* This religion, which was said to be expiring, was then like a cedar on Lebanon, deep-rooted on the sacred mount; and was destined on some future day to wave her protecting branches over the ruins of the Gallican church.

But as the genius of Bossuet could not pass by without leaving traces of its passage, we find in this discourse some parts impressed with the seal of eloquence. The character of Cromwell is happily delineated in the following lines:

"A man endowed with an uncommon depth of thought, now enters on the busy scene, equally illustrious for a refined hypocrisy, as for a political sagacity. Adequate to the most hazardous enterprise, he threw

round his designs the dark veil of secrecy. Active and indefatigable in peace or in war, his preventive wisdom diverted the course of chance. Vigilant of opportunity, he sprung upon every favourable incident, and appeared to be one of those turbulent and daring spirits who are destined to subjugate the world. He possessed the secret charm of cementing the various sects with which England was overspread, and with a magical touch he consolidated the discordant parts of that heterogeneous assemblage, into one powerful, irresistible mass."

In adverting to the dignified manliness which accompanied Charles the First through the last scenes of his life, he says, "Pursued by the unrelenting malignity of fortune, abandoned, betrayed, defeated, he never abandoned himself. His mind rose superior to the victorious standard of the enemy. Humane and magnanimous in the moment of victory, he was great and dignified in the hour of adversity. This is the image, the characteristic form which presents itself to my view, when I behold him at his trial and on the scaffold. Oh thou august and unfortunate Queen! I know that I

am gratifying thy tender affection, while I consecrate these few words to his memory: that heart which never beat but for him, awakens even under the pall of death, and resumes its palpitating sensibility at the name of so endeared a husband."

The eloquent Prelate having dwelled upon her animated exertions in favour of the royal cause, proceeds in the following manner:

" Queen! consort! mother! oh deserving of a better fate! were the splendours of this world worthy of your attention? With an ardent enduring zeal you have long upheld the falling monarchy! It now remains that you stand immoveable, encircled with its ruins; like a column (once the proud ornament and support of a temple), which lifts its sacred head amidst the havock of the crashing edifice."

MARIA Theresa of Austria, Queen of France, died in 1683. In the elogium consecrated to her memory, which was delivered at St. Denis, we find nothing of a superior eloquence: indeed the calm and equable tenour,

though of exalted life, flowing through domestic duties, offers little to the survey of an ambitious orator. The subject, however, made an opening for the introduction of several exaggerated compliments to the living monarch. Bossuet, throughout his extensive literary labours, never fails when he meets with an occasion of offering to Louis the incense of adulation, with an unsparing hand. Accordingly he says in this discourse—

“ Providence raised the Queen by an august birth to an august union, in order that we might behold her exalted above her sex, by being loved, esteemed, and, alas! too soon regretted by the greatest of men”—*par le plus grand de tous les hommes.*

THE uneventful life of Ann, the Princess Palatine of Cleves, forms too thin a texture to imbibe any rich colouring. The eloquent Prelate, undoubtedly conscious of this defect, adapts his discourse to the mind and to the profession of his audience, the Carmelite Nuns! The most remarkable incidents in the life of

the Princess Palatine are, her passing from a strong adherence to the Catholic faith to a total disbelief of the Christian doctrine, and her returning from that most unfortunate state of mind to her ancient belief. The Princess assigns the cause of her conversion to a miraculous interposition, by the means of an allegoric dream. This reverie of a heated imagination, the learned Prelate does not hesitate to hold up as a manifestation of divine interference. A mind free from the shackles of monastic credulity will receive little gratification from this discourse, which, however, contains some faint indications of genius, like thunder rolling at a distance.

IN the discourse on the celebrated Chancellor Le Tellier, the orator assumes a more dignified form of eloquence. He retraces the path of a long laborious life, accompanied by the strictest integrity. He points out the difficulties Le Tellier had to encounter, the clashing opinions he had to conciliate, and the menaces as well as the advantages he had to despise.

Yet in this life of resplendent integrity, in this brilliant, we are sorry to discover a flaw. Le Tellier closes his career with an act of persecuting tyranny. That hand, which, through a length of years, had never signed but the decrees of the most immaculate justice! that hand, benumbed by age, and now cold at the approach of death, signs the *fatal revocation*.

It is with a painful admiration that we find the illustrious Prelate giving a full and unrestrained applause to this act of intolerance, in the following declaration :

Epanchons nos cœurs sur la piété de Louis—
 “ Let me indulge the movement of my heart, and dwell on the piety of our monarch. Let me raise to Heaven my applauding voice; let me address this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this other Marcian, this other Charlemagne, in the words with which the six hundred and thirty fathers expressed their sentiments to the Emperor at the Council of Chalcedon—*You have strengthened the faith, you have exterminated the heretics; it is the most meritorious act of your reign. King of Heaven! preserve the king of the earth! It is the ardent desire*

of the church, it is the ardent desire of the assembly of her Pastors and of her Bishops."

From this unmitigated, intolerant language, and from a Prelate of so comprehensive a mind, of a conduct so unimpeachably moral, and of feelings naturally prone to humanity, we turn away with a melancholy impresson. There is not an emigrant Prelate among us, we are well assured, who would subscribe to the exterminating creed of the great Bossuet. These illustrious exiles receive that respect their merit demands. We behold their purity of manners, we acknowledge their learning, we pay homage to that apostolic courage with which they have sacrificed their former splendid situation at the shrine of Adversity. To these highly-honoured characteristics, we cannot refrain from wishing that they would add an acquaintance with the works of our eminent divines: that, waving the prerogative of antiquity, they would discriminate between the vital and unessential parts of religion. We earnestly wish, that as they wander through the desert of their exile, they would gather that amaranthine plant *toleration*! and when a merciful Providence shall ordain their return, may

they carry that sacred flower to their own country as a celestial exotic! which will add a rich fragrance to the native odours that envelope their altars.


Every English Catholic must undoubtedly reprobate the intolerant doctrine of the Bishop of Meaux, except perchance that monk of the ninth century, the author of the History of Winchester. See a most excellent pamphlet relative to that writer, by Dr. Sturges—see also a candid and liberal Address to Dr. Sturges, by the learned Mr. Berrington, who, without departing from the principles of his profession, condemns, like another Erasmus, the encumbrances that adhere to *unreformed belief*.

THE END.

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Oiseleur, m. *Waz-leur*, a fowler.



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